

By Your Hand You Feed Your People

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1 By your hand you feed your peo - ple, food of an - gels, heav-en's bread.
 2 In this meal we taste your sweet-ness, bread for hun - ger, wine of peace.
 3 Send us now with faith and cour - age to the hun - gry, lost, be - reaved.

For these gifts we did not la - bor, by your grace have we been fed:
 Ho - ly word and ho - ly wis - dom sat - is - fy our deep - est needs.
 In our liv - ing and our dy - ing, we be - come what we re - ceive:

Refrain

Christ's own bod - y, blessed and bro - ken, cup o'er - flow - ing, life out - poured,

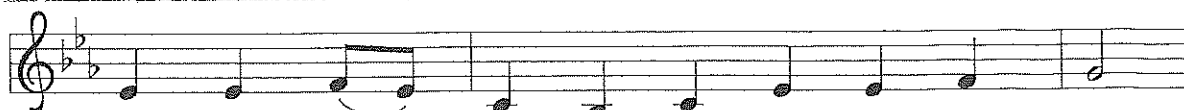
giv - en as a liv - ing to - ken of your world re - deemed, re - stored.



1 Lord of all hope - ful - ness, Lord of all joy,
 2 Lord of all ea - ger - ness, Lord of all faith,
 3 Lord of all kind - li - ness, Lord of all grace,
 4 Lord of all gen - tle - ness, Lord of all calm,



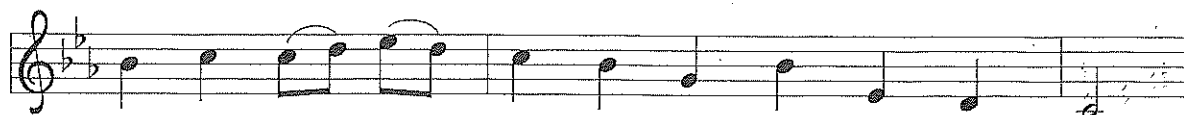
whose trust, ev - er child - like, no cares could de - stroy:
 whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and the lathe:
 your hands swift to wel - come, your arms to em - brace:
 whose voice is con - tent - ment, whose pres - ence is balm:



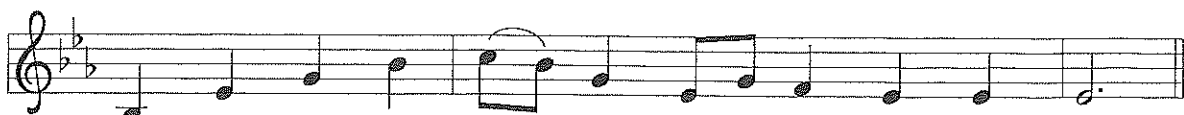
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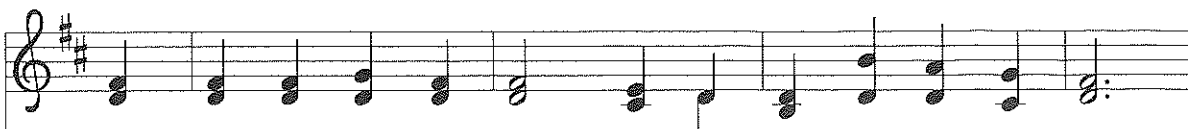


be there at our wak - ing, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our la - bors, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our hom - ing, and give us, we pray,
 be there at our sleep - ing, and give us, we pray,

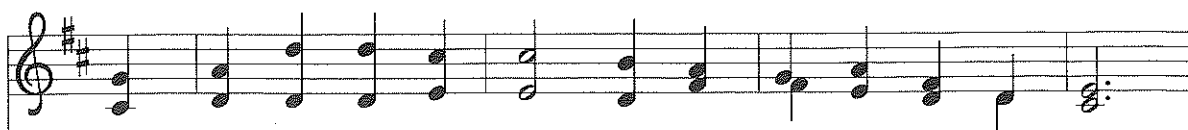
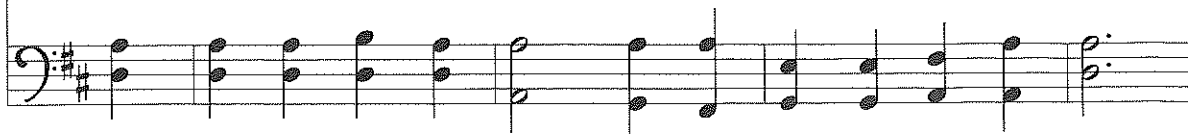


your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.
 your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the day.
 your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.
 your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.

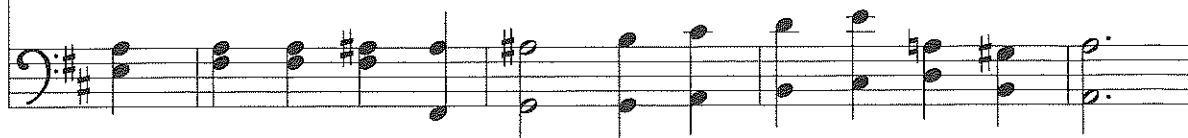
O Living Bread from Heaven



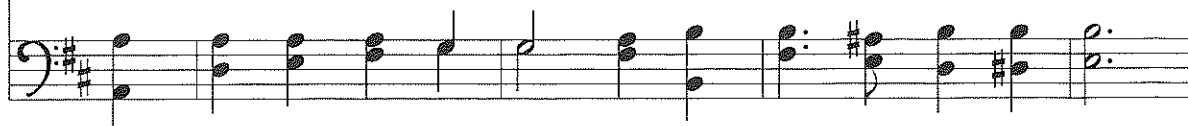
1 O liv - ing Bread from heav - en, how well you feed your guest!
 2 My Sav - ior, you have led me with - in your ho - liest place,
 3 You gave me all I want - ed; this food can death de - stroy.
 4 Oh, grant me then, well - strength - ened with heav'n - ly food, while here



The gifts that you have giv - en have filled my heart with rest.
 and here your - self have fed me with trea - sures of your grace;
 And you have free - ly grant - ed the cup of end - less joy.
 my course on earth is length - ened, to serve you, free from fear;



O won - drous food of bless - ing! O cup that heals our woes!
 for you have free - ly giv - en what earth could nev - er buy,
 My Lord, I do not mer - it the fa - vor you have shown,
 and bring me home to praise you where none can peace de - stroy,



My heart, this gift pos - sess - ing, in thank - ful song o'er - flows!
 the bread of life from heav - en, that now I shall not die.
 and all my soul and spir - it bow down be - fore your throne.
 where I will ev - er raise you glad songs in end - less joy.

